UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1112.

Original Poetry.

RELIGION.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

The Sculptor's finely chiselled bust
Will crumble to decay;
The Sage-ere, that weareth the poet's brow
Must droop, and fade away

The Monarch's jewelled throne may fall
Beneath a foreign sword;
The plaudits of the Warrior-curse,
No Minstrel may record.

The tomb—that gem of brilliant ray,
May give a sickly glare
And o'er hope, that cheers the hour,
May rest in dark despair.

But that, which o'er the humblest cot
A hallowed radiance throws!
And rends the gloomiest palaces'
Is peerless beauty glows—

Religion—never shall decay.
It claims a heavenly birth.
'Tis written on the stars, and they
Reflect it down to Earth

THE NAUTILUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

A fairy dream is my life to me
As I sail along o'er the dark blue sea,
While the ever-changing waters unfold
Its glimmering light o'er my sails and mast,
Calmly and smoothly I steer along
To the floating home of the mermaid's song.

While the waves are breaking around my way,
Nearing me o'er with their sparkling spray,
If threatening eyes perchance may mark
The onward course of my pearly bark—
Or the storm-fiend's gaze with terrific scowl
O'er the mounting breast of the boding deep—
Then quickly gathering sails and oars
I rush to the coast of the tranquil haven
In coral harbours to anchor fast
Till the storm and the danger alike have past

When once the tempestuous sleep I rose,
And again set sail beneath the moist skies,
What a fairy dream is my life to me,
As, calmly over the rolling sea
My tiny flagon I steer along
To the dreamy haunt of the mermaid's song.

S. L. J.

Original Novel.

HERBERT TRACY; OR, The Legend of the Black Rangers.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY G. LIPPARD, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "PHILADELPHIA AS SHE IS," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE NIGHT BETWEEN PAGEON AND NOW.

"A band of twelve determined men might approach the residence, and take the fair house," exclaimed Washington, the moment he was received by the officers of his staff within the American lines.

"It is a work of extreme hazard, and requires the coun-sel of the hand will, in all human possibility, fail a cause beneath the walls, although the attempt is fire for the attempt, and the next moment the whole army is up and astir, and the fortress is in a state of siege. A despair of inducing any twelve in the army to make the attempt—what say you, gentlemen?"

"I will be one of the twelve!" exclaimed Major Tracy, throwing himself from his seat.

"I will be one!" echoed Harry Hett, imitating his example.

"And I another!" followed Sergeant Bowne, placing himself beside the captain and the lieutenant.

"And I another!" and another!" the fifty were found, until every man of the Rangers had thrown himself from his seat, and swelled the line of the self-sacrificing band.

Here was a generous men, Captain Tracy," exclaimed Washington, and a gleam of pleasure brightened in his eye as he gazed upon the stout and noble-ruber forms of the Rangers.

"The leader of Herbert," he have laid their bones on the battle field, or else I can assure you excellency they would not be found mowing."

"You are a true captain, but twelve men are sufficient, and here are nineteen."

"Will your excellency please to pretend to divide those who are to remain from the others?"

"Where all are so brave," replied Washington, "the task is not an easy one. My twelve men!" he continued, "you who form the left of this brave line be pleased to step aside.

The seven Rangers stepped aside with the chagrin they felt native on each countenance.

"Now, Captain Tracy, I leave the matter to your discretion. God be with you!"

With their excitement Washington rode off with his staff to another part of the field, and Capt. Tracy made his arrangements for the performance of his desperate task, upon which the success or defeat of the American arms might turn. In a few minutes each man of the band had provided himself with one of the number carried torches and combustible materials in their hands, while the other six, the captain and lieutenant excepted, charged their pistols, held in both hands, with a double charge, and prepared in every respect for immediate action.

"Rangers," exclaimed Tracy, "when we advance from the cover of the fog, those who bear rifles will rush forward, and fire in the very faces of the soldiers who guard the entrance to the house, and in the midst of the mêmoire. Those Rangers who bear the torches will then advance—fire the heap of brushwood and timber under the lower window in the front of the house—and while they are thus engaged, the rifles will pour a second discharge into the windows, and then the entire body will rush forward."

Herbert Tracy led the way over the lawn, stunned with dead and wounded, toward the mansion. Three balls was received in the first discharge of the band of twelve whistled by their ears or tore up the earth at every footstep. It was a dread moment, and each man felt his hand seize a pistol with a firmer grip before whom he presently expected to appear, and then every heart beat loud and regularly, and every hand was nerved for the fearful work—scenes of death.

"By the Continental Congress!" shouted Harry, "when they had gained their way within fifty yards of the mansion. "And there!" exclaimed Herbert, "if there is not the old Quaker, Josh Smiley, and the darkey, 'Charlie de Pud,' right in the centre of the scrimmage! There's a vision, Harry, that will haunt my eyes, but I never expected to see such a sight!"

The Rangers looked across the lawn, and beheld at the distance of fifty paces, the Quaker hastening, beside a wounded man, who was placed against a tree, while the negro stood holding a flask at his shoulder. The soldiers who were scattered on the lawn were managing their graves within some reach of the spot where he knelt, trumpets were sweeping past in their way to join the conflict, yet still did that plain, unbearing Quaker tender his kind offices to the wounded man, bathe his brow with water, and moisten his parched tongue, while the unfortunate negro who stood at his shoulder, half scared to death by the scenes at the scene, appeared ongoing him around in Ulysses's layout, where his mistress was in danger, when the negro amid all his fears was determined to save.

"The noble Quaker is in danger," exclaimed Herbert, as he glanced at the scene—"But we have no time now to interpose in his behalf. We must on—and on!"

Every breath was hushed, as the Rangers began to discern the outline of Chew's Mansion, looming through the smoke and fog.

"What mean those torches glimmering through the mist?" exclaimed Major Tracy, as standing amid a body of ten soldiers, placed in the extreme north window of the front of the house, he discovered the approach of the Rangers. "Ha! I see, they are rebels, engaged in the execution of some desperate purpose. Now my men, now—stay—wait a moment!

—now, now! Fire!" and he sent his pick every man of them; now!"

The sound of command rose to his league, when he felt a hand laid lightly on his arm. He turned and beheld the form of Marian Wallace, her blue eyes glaring wildly, her lips apart, her cheek pale as death, and her golden hair, flowing in disordered masses over her neck and shoulders.

"Major Tracy, beware!" exclaimed the maiden, clutching his arm convulsively. "Pause, for the sake of heaven, for the blood of your son is upon your soul!"

For the Major could gather the meaning of the maiden's words, the voice of the foremost Ranger arose without—Now, light—fire, rush!" and those of six rifles flashed from the lawn into the open window. Four British soldiers fell heavily to the floor, and with a wild shriek, Marian left her hand upon her heart, her senses swam in wild confusion, and she sank at the feet of Major Tracy, insensible and motionless.

"Follow me, every man of you!" shouted Major Tracy, leaping from the window out upon the lawn, while the smoke of the rifles was seen on the mansion, the glare of the torches of the Rangers, and the heavy folds across the casement, and obscured the vision. "Follow me, every man of you!"

Scarce had the words died on his lips, when alighting upon the slight embankment in front of the mansion, he glanced around and beheld through the smoke, a body of the Rangers in the act of firing the lower wood, beneath the northern window, while the other denizens were moving toward the window, raising their guns as described, to fire.

Major Tracy sprang from the embankment: another leap and he stood within some length of the window, and beheld the figure of Herbert on the same glanced at the breast of the foremost ranger, and prepared to plunge it in his heart, when a slight breath of air, which the smoke aside, and Major Tracy confronted his son.

"Oh God—My father!"

"My son!"

He started back with the quick, instantaneous movement of surprise, his right arm dropped to his side, and his left, the dark flashing eyes, and then darkness, while his eye-lashes were moist to gather, with the sudden, nervous expression, that trembled along the lines of his face. A thrill of fear, the form of Herbert Tracy before him, and personal every lineament of his countenance, as if to assure him that his eyes did not deceive him—plunders it on the cruel creation of the agitated fancy.

And there stood the son, the same expression on countenance, the same attitude, the same form as flashing with the same expression, the same frown upon his brow, and his right hand grasping his gun by the muzzle, as he had left him, with the same impulse that unnerved his father's arm.

Oh, what a wild contest was at work on that father's mind! The words from the cloven foot before—the words of all his hopes, now banned and cursed, in those lips that should have spoken but the words of blessing and love—the sudden power that he had no plunders o on cruel creation of the agitated fancy.

And there stood the son, the same expression on countenance, the same attitude, the same form as flashing with the same expression, the same frown upon his brow, and his right hand grasping his gun by the muzzle, as he had left him, with the same impulse that unnerved his father's arm.

Oh, what a wild contest was at work on that father's mind! The words from the cloven foot before—the words of all his hopes, now banned and cursed, in those lips that should have spoken but the words of blessing and love—the sudden power that he had no plunders o on cruel creation of the agitated fancy.

"If I will be one of the twelve!" cried Herbert, throwing himself from his seat.

"I will be one!" echoed Sergeant Bowne, placing himself beside the captain and the lieutenant.

"And I another!" and I another!" the fifty were found, until every man of the Rangers had thrown himself from his seat, and swelled the line of the self-sacrificing band.

Here was a generous men, Captain Tracy," exclaimed Washington, and a gleam of pleasure brightened in his eye as he gazed upon the stout and noble-ruber forms of the Rangers.

"The leader of Herbert," he have laid their bones on the battle field, or else I can assure you excellency they would not be found mowing."

"You are a true captain, but twelve men are sufficient, and here are nineteen."

"Will your excellency please to pretend to divide those who are to remain from the others?"

"Where all are so brave," replied Washington, "the task is not an easy one. My twelve men!" he continued, "you who form the left of this brave line be pleased to step aside.

The seven Rangers stepped aside with the chagrin they felt native on each countenance.

"Now, Captain Tracy, I leave the matter to your discretion. God be with you!"

With their excitement Washington rode off with his staff to another part of the field, and Capt. Tracy made his arrangements for the performance of his desperate task, upon which the success or defeat of the American arms might turn. In a few minutes each man of the band had provided himself with one of the number carried torches and combustible materials in their hands, while the other six, the captain and lieutenant excepted, charged their pistols, held in both hands, with a double charge, and prepared in every respect for immediate action.

"Rangers," exclaimed Tracy, "when we advance from the cover of the fog, those who bear rifles will rush forward, and fire in the very faces of the soldiers who guard the entrance to the house, and in the midst of the mêmoire. Those Rangers who bear the torches will then advance—fire the heap of brushwood and timber under the lower window in the front of the house—and while they are thus engaged, the rifles will pour a second discharge into the windows, and then the entire body will rush forward."

Herbert Tracy led the way over the lawn, stunned with dead and wounded, toward the mansion. Three balls was received in the first discharge of the band of twelve whistled by their ears or tore up the earth at every footstep. It was a dread moment, and each man felt his hand seize a pistol with a firmer grip before whom he presently expected to appear, and then every heart beat loud and regularly, and every hand was nerved for the fearful work—scenes of death.

"By the Continental Congress!" shouted Harry, "when they had gained their way within fifty yards of the mansion. "And there!" exclaimed Herbert, "if there is not the old Quaker, Josh Smiley, and the darkey, 'Charlie de Pud,' right in the centre of the scrimmage! There's a vision, Harry, that will haunt my eyes, but I never expected to see such a sight!"

The Rangers looked across the lawn, and beheld at the distance of fifty paces, the Quaker hastening, beside a wounded man, who was placed against a tree, while the negro stood holding a flask at his shoulder. The soldiers who were scattered on the lawn were managing their graves within some reach of the spot where he knelt, trumpets were sweeping past in their way to join the conflict, yet still did that plain, unbearing Quaker tender his kind offices to the wounded man, bathe his brow with water, and moisten his parched tongue, while the unfortunate negro who stood at his shoulder, half scared to death by the scenes at the scene, appeared ongoing him around in Ulysses's layout, where his mistress was in danger, when the negro amid all his fears was determined to save.

"The noble Quaker is in danger," exclaimed Herbert, as he glanced at the scene—But we have no time now to interpose in his behalf. We must on—and on!"

Every breath was hushed, as the Rangers began to But close ther, I cannot my son, while thy sword is raised in most unrighteous treason! I do not curse, for I cannot keep a deeper curse on thee, than the curse of loyal blood, which crimsons thy hands! I must never see thee more—never, never!"

And with these words the stern hearted Loyalist turned away, and his son never looked upon his retiring form again.

"The day is indeed against us!" cried Herbert turning to Harry Hett. "The enemy fly on every side, and yonder is Washington trying to stem the current. Let us away—put hold"—he exclaimed, wheeling his plunging horse around. "I have taught left for which to live—I will die upon this field—I will die with my father's curse upon my head—"

"Say young man"—exclaimed the Quaker—"that wound is desperate, little better than suicide! Away with thee, away, while flight is in thy power!"

"Fly, Herbert, fly!" cried a soft voice which made the young captain's heart thrill with a feeling of wild horror.

And well that he disappeared in the half dose.

Chew's house was now entirely deserted by its late soldiers—the guards who all poured out of its precincts, to join the current of pursuit which threatened to the rear of the American host.

Along the line of the British left, the shelled and carbonate between the village and Chesnut Hill, fled the scattered bands of the American army. In vain did Washington and his generals bestow the rallying cry in vain did Pulaski at the head of his troopers, throw himself before the disheartened fugitives, and upon the enemy by all that was dear to them—by all that was the pursuing foe! All was in vain! And Greene and Wayne, belied their cries, who had been thrown from their saddles, were the bright prospect of the day had been blasted at Chew's house, torn their backs to the foe, and fled to other despair from that field of blood, where victory had lately perched upon the banner of the American arms.

Down the American army retreated to the walls of Perkiomen, how the wounded and the dying strewed the way, how the pursuit was maintained, and how many of the fugitives were captured in the rear, and cut to pieces by the care and foresight of Washington, are all matters of historical relation, and we turn again to the blood-stained field of Germantown.

CHAPTER XV.—THE DAY UPON THE BATTLE FIELD.

The declining sun was again shedding the lustre of its golden beauty, and each sloping hill, and grassy embankment, was bathed in the warm glow of its rays, and each level plain dotted with orchards and cured by cultivation, looked more lovely in the setting sunbeams, than when the morning light had first kissed the meadows with the endless gossip, and Charlie, man, what does thee stand grinning at there, like some chimney-sweep?"

With many a warm expression of thanks and courtesy to Miss Betty Fisher for her care and attention, Major Tracy took the hand of the Quaker, and sprang from the hall steps of Chew's mansion, on to her favourite steed, which the watchful "Charlie de Pud" had conveyed from the garden on the side of the Hall Road, over to Germantown, since the strife and turmoil of the battle morning.

"Friend Tracy, thee must not harm the child!" exclaimed a voice, from behind in the care of father and son, and the stalwart arm of the Quaker, was thrust before the upraised head of Major Tracy. "I tell thee, friend Tracy, that must not harm thy own flesh and blood," repeated the Quaker, as scanning the sword from the father's hand, with a cry of fear from the lips of Betty Fisher, she rushed into the fray—"Thee must not strike thy brother! Thee must not harm thy own flesh and blood!"

THE TWO BELLES
Of the Village.

FROM THE BOSTON SUNCLIANT, FOR NOVEMBER.

"And so you have found out, uncle, who they are," said Miss Patty, on one occasion, to her uncle, Mr. Jackson, of the village of somewhere or other in Massachusetts.

"Nothing more than we have heard before; that he is a young man of property, and has taken the white house on the hill."

"What, that one we might have seen without spectacles — but his name?"

And here Mr. Jackson, who had found it impossible to conceal it any longer, passed forth the budget of news, that her acquaintance with the widow's cook, who frequented the taverns, had enabled her to collect. The astonished gossips laid down their cups of tea, and all turned their inquiring eyes upon Mrs. O., who had only been waiting for a fitting moment to open her lips.

"He's no more nor less than son of old John Mason, a young John, Moore, as they used to call him in my day. And you, Patty Saunders, may call him so still. He sat in the front row of the broad aisle, and used to turn round and look at the singing lads."

"What, he? He a fine match for some of the young ladies. Miss Morgan and Anne Elliott will have a try for him," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Well," said Miss Patty, "I should like to have a grand ball in his house all winter."

"You were quite a child," cried Mrs. O.

But here the interesting debate was interrupted by the report, that the subject of discussion was passing the window.

"He has got his father's nose," said Miss Patty. At this moment was brought in a fresh plate of bread, which reminded Miss Patty of her cousin's cook having baked, and let her to wonder what would become of Peter Pratt and all the children if he should die.

"Why, they are related to the Boothbys," said Mrs. Jackson. "The Boothbys will never see them more."

"Well," said Miss Patty, "I don't see how you make that out." Tim Boothby married a widow."

But Miss Patty found her match in Mrs. Outrand, who had the genealogy of the whole village at her finger's ends, and the discussion was kept up till late in the evening, when Jackson skilfully turned the conversation to the Elliotts, as being persons against whom nothing could be said.

"Well," said Miss Patty, "they've never got up from their downfall. I know Mr. Elliott was the best he ever came from New York with so much money about him."

"To tell us all about it," said Mrs. Jackson, who though she had heard the tale with all attention, was determined, by way of trying to calm the temper by listening to it the forty-first time. So Mrs. Outrand drew nearer the light with her knitting, and Mrs. Pettibone, to prevent any interruption, picked up her ball of yarn, which was forming the evening's amusement of Mrs. Jackson's yellow cat in the corner of the room, closed her eyes, and tried to force herself kept time to Miss Patty's tongue.

"Well, they say Mr. Elliott, having been remarkably fortunate in business in New York, where he had lived for years, packed up his goods and his valuables, and sent his family on to his father's old house on the river. He followed them the next week, but, very imprudently, I think, though to tell the truth, I should not blame him for not trusting to the boats in those days, packed his valuables money in a red morocco trunk."

"It was nothing but a common black portmanteau," interrupted Mrs. Outrand. "Mrs. Turner says it was just like Mr. O.'s, only it was not quite worn the end and the pallock was not lost."

"I always knew it was a red morocco trunk with brass nails, and Sally Jones says that none of the family would hear the sight of one since."

"But what became of it?" asked Mrs. Jackson, anxiously.

"There is the mystery," said Miss Patty. "Mr. Elliott says he never let go of it but one moment, on board the boat, when he escorted Miss Anne to the saloon."

Mr. Outrand told me," said Mrs. O., "that he had very foolishly entrusted it to a suspicious-looking man with cut nose, and that when he got to the end of Providence, neither the portmanteau nor the man-of-war man could be seen. But there is Mr. Outrand now." exclaimed Mrs. Jackson—good evening, Mrs. Outrand." And the party broke up. Poor widow Pettibone, who had to leave Miss Saunders at the corner of the dark lane, forcibly reminded by the form of the one-eyed apple-woman, and trembled and ran home.

It was not long before the handsome Roderick Moore found his way into the little society of the village, and his heart pretty equally divided between the charms of Ellen Morgan and Anna Elliott. Anna's gold beauty might have very much won him, if he had but to contend with the art and coquetry of Ellen Morgan. There was no necessity for it; Anna was present, however, and he made himself happy in the society of the one, and thought himself in love with the other. Ellen Morgan was the belle of the village, and Anna Elliott was going away. An old gentleman, who had lived to the age of seventy-four without having had a wife, and her elders were so kind and liberal, that Mr. Elliott felt no thanks he could not refuse them; the little Elliotts were now growing large Elliotts, and the little house to which they had been obliged to retire, at their hour of misfortune, would become larger, though the space would be purchased by the sacrifice of the dear, an inmate to Anna. To spend so many years of her life with Aunt Kitmidge, in her dull house shut up in the city, when the pretty village was left behind her, and the country fields beyond, and the breezes, and her dear home with the walls covered with its climbing roses, and the happy ones, prizes and laughing within, was too to be thought of without tears. But there were mostly crowded, and she answered her aunt's letter in a grateful tone, and her mother's look of sorrow, with cheerfulness.

Ellen Morgan was one of the first to call upon Anna after the news of her intended departure, and the family reason for it, had been communicated through the village with the usual celerity with which such reports are circulated.

"Ah, how I envy you, Anna Elliott," she cried, as she entered the parlor door. "I am so perfectly sick, so to the city; what a gay, happy life you will lead, while we stay moped up in this dull place forever!"

"I shall be very sorry to leave it," said Anna.

"But in bright, happy New York, you will forget us all, and be the belle of the city, and—and—"

"I am afraid I shall not meet with much gayety, and am second from my cousin's house."

"And oh! I shall have Roderick Moore to myself." And she looked archly to Anna. Anna, in reply, Ellen rattled on, creating a long letter she had received from Mary Clare, a New York friend, and then left the house.

Miss Pettibone met Anna in the street, and told her how sorry she should be to lose the sweet smile she gave her as she passed the house, and would have said more, but Roderick Moore's grave-looking light must her half out of her wide to be rushed towards the place; and Anna thought that Roderick Moore would soon follow him. Miss Patty Saunders called with a cake, and assured Anna Moore would never be her correspondent, Miss Aster," and she'll be glad enough to see you if you will write a second. Mrs. Jackson of all funeral Aster, and loves to a grand daughter of old General Aster, and she'll be always looking down upon me as an humble." And then she whispered Anna she had a great deal to say to her next visit, and left. Mrs. Outrand, Mrs. Pettibone, and Mrs. Jackson, came in her turn, and Anna listened and believed that the door with her usual smile. She was met by Mrs. Outrand, herself with her knitting, and Mrs. Pettibone, with her yarn. So you are really going. Well, I was making up such a nice little story out of the cook's and Miss Saunders. For do you know that Mr. Outrand says he should not be surprised if Colonel Roderick Moore signed at your pew on Sunday, and it was Ellen's entrance. Mr. Saunders finally Roderick Moore's pew is cross seat at the end of the pew. You needn't think, little man, I am prone to secret and mysterious. I am to go but to get to pay to the city. They say Miss Aster has a great many children, and likely enough to be in want of lasting."

"Oh, dear, little fellows," said Anna to her mother, as the kind-hearted neighbor left the house, "how accustomed a person size has grown on me. One might love so well, if—" Anna could not finish her love, remember.

By the preparations were going on fast for Anna's departure, and the day was drawing near. Poor Anna had enough to receive and answer the numerous visits that were made her, some kindly, some officiously, and the night would come, and find her fatigued. One night her father received a letter, which he opened, and attended to its contents with interest. The enclosure appeared to excite so much wonder as what it contained, though that was a check on a New York bank. Mr. Elliott looked at her and handed it to Anna.

"Fifteen years ago, a poor and destitute man, I accompanied you in the steamer Catalon, from New York to Liverpool, and was that time, with a great deal of care of a small, well-grounded boy, that you received and during the whole passage. I rarely complained that it held manner, and I overheard a friendly conversation upon the value of the boy. I was then lonely treated. I followed you round, as you would up and down the boat, I watched you carefully. At last the time came near the shore. I stood near you just before you left the boat, and with your hand, and asked you to take charge of the boy, and at the same time you forbade every encroach on me with the boy. I saw you was loved from me the moment; but counted I relied, that you would be his friend, and take him with the stolen box and the remorse of my conscience. I watched the place safely. I succeeded in leaving upon the box, and examined the contents, which were less valuable to me than I had hoped. The papers, which it would be dangerous for me to keep, I destroyed, and took the box and found myself possessed of sufficient money to reach our old possessions of fortune, and those I gained at last a little income. I am surrounded by a happy family, but the image of him whom I have injured, perhaps ruined, runs before me. I have placed in the enclosed check of New York on account of money equal to what I robbed you of with interest. It will be serious for you to pay to me not, and punished to me. I am aware that I can give you nothing that can repay you for the anxiety my crime has cost you, but it will be something of a relief to fancy that some of my present earnings are stolen property. I would not have the crime of the father blacken the fate of the children, so, should my name ever become public, would be the case. May I trust to your generosity? Let me assure you that no punishment could be devised for my guilt, more horrible than I have suffered for the last fifteen years, and I am now grey-headed and has passed the remembrance of

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN MASK."

This singular letter was received by every one of the family—but whatever wonder was felt, it was evidently Mr. Elliott's duty to keep the check from no hour before. They were the consolations that night, and Mr. Elliott determined to go to New York without Anna, visit the bank, and if he found the money were really his, to tell Mrs. Kitmidge, that Mr. Elliott intended a visit of delight, to think for himself in this place. Mrs. Kitmidge received perfect indifference to whatever arrangement Mr. Elliott chose to make, and spoke of the number of cases she could choose among, who would be happy in her company, and delighted to have such gratitude she was entitled for giving Anna the first chance. Mr. Elliott breathed free, as he heard her comment, and found his family still united.

But great was the mystery in the village. The whole white house was closed, and the Elliotts' house was pointed out to every stranger as the spot where a most extraordinary robbery had taken place.

Roderick Moore's ride to the Elliott cottage, for a time, was more frequent than ever. Conjecture and history took place that altered affairs. Ellen Morgan had been able to learn from Anna's mother, that Anna's beauty was evidently making over Roderick Moore. In way. All the visit early in the morning, and her pony, just directly by Moore's avenue, with her pretties flowers, and her brilliant face lighted up with delightful smiles—walk slow or fast, that provoking Anna Elliott always appeared to meet Roderick Moore by the turning of the lane that led from her house to the church. She almost could be read get up the night before, and look at Anna's door for her appearance, so regularly was he seen to enter her or her way.

When midsummer had come, great sensation was created in the village by the appearance of an Indian woman, who, among the pine woods, a little below the village, had pitched a tent, and proceeded to tell fortunes. In the daytime Ellen had laughed at such superstitions, but one moonless night, when the spot of her tent was pointed out, and her train dispersed, and the fire was dying around her, and she was alone, and dark, and still, and the woods were dismal, and the Indian woman, pale, and sad, and silent, that she ventured forth in the woods, and stood by the fire. She turned her face to the tent, and stood in close around her, and as she went on with solemn step, she should deliver to her the fortune that she was born for. She knew the path well, for she had found it in the day, and she moved on to the tent. She paused at the entrance, and was the Indian woman, and the more do we stimulate them to patriotic martyrdom. Creating

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance; $1.25 a advance for 6 months.

Postmasters are requested to *forward* their letters addressed to the *Post Office* of *each* of whom a fresh Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year: unless otherwise ordered, and by the agents of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bills, of solvent Banks received in payment for Subscription.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittance, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and state post for. A 10 cent Postage Stamp, (Uncancelled) will pay postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Remember, most always state the Post-office *named from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' COMPANION, *for November.*—New York: *W. W. Saunders.*—*Philadelphia Dress & Accessories.*—The number of this work before us is rich in engravings and a fashion plate. Among the contributors we have N. P. Willis, who has given us an unique sketch, representative in every line of character but Mr. Willis could think of imagining. Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, and Mrs. Orne have each an article in the number, as have also, Herbert, Poe, Denny, Woodworth, Hamilton, and others of the known and esteemed contributors to this popular monthly.

GEMS FROM THE AMERICAN POETS.—*Philadelphia: G. G. Sparhawk.*—This is a neat little duodecimo volume, containing selections from between two and three hundred American Poets. It is got up as one of the neatest books of the season, and in point of appearance attractive, as the contents are various and well selected. It is one of the best sample parcels of American Poetry in a small compass that we have ever met.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—*T. W. White, Richmond.*—The 5th number of this work for November is an interesting one, and more varied in contents than usual; embracing tales, poetry, travel, history, and criticism. The "Editorial Department" is kept up with "pretty considerable smartness" as they say down east.

SERIALS.—We have received from Colon the first number of a new publication, by Messrs. Morgan, of Cincinnati, called the Western Literary Journal. It is completed in four parts; and from Burgess the initial number of a new edition of Thirs to be completed in sixteen weekly numbers. Both of these works are sold in Cincinnati by Robinson & Jones.

THE KNICKERBOCKER *for November* is a good number, but not so attractive as we have seen it. Specimens of the best papers will be found in our columns to-day.

Literary Intelligence.

MR. COOPER'S NEW BOOK.—We have seen some sheets of Mr. Cooper's new work—"The Wing and Wing, or Le Feu Follet," soon to be published by Lea & Blanchard, for fifty cents. We find in the Boston Transcript, the editor of which paper appears to have seen more of the work than we have, the following notice of the plot:—"Le Feu Follet is the name of the vessel whose Captain is the hero of the story. Le Feu Follet is the name of a light, a kind of religious belief, whose holy and elevated conversation with her gifted lover forms a most interesting episode in the story. The scenes have laid mostly in the Mediterranean, and as a part of the plot, making, we doubt not, the wickedest of the wicked story. The hour of the novel is the date of the French Revolution—and the chief historical feature when its morals and its religious sentiments are considered, will be the violent reaction which was throwing off the reason of the Parisians. So far as we can judge from the specimen sheets above referred to, the work will be one of deep interest—much more so than the late novels of Cooper, and rendered additionally effective by the beautiful language and imagery made to bear upon its construction."

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.—Periodical publication has increased to a remarkable extent in Paris, within the last thirty years. From three or four in 1789, there are now according to Dr. Pariset 331 including 35 daily, 95 weekly, and 218 monthly. The annual sale exceeds 30,000,000 sheets. Of the daily papers 5 are issued twice a week, 6 three times a month, 1 six times a week, 2 every second day, 2 every fifth day, 2 every tenth day, and 15 every month, besides the numerals. The gross sum from 120 feuters is 53 francs per annum. 15 are devoted to religion (8 Protestant, 3 Jewish, and 4 Catholic) 29 to political subjects, 14 to natural sciences, 22 to fashion, 4 to naval subjects, 10 to the drama, 3 to philosophy, 4 to the arts, 19 to literature, 18 to agriculture and 28 to education, 31 to literature, 1 to freemasonry, 28 to advertisements, 14 to agriculture and horticulture, 4 to music, 3 to the fine arts, 2 to statistics, 4 to manufacturing, 23 to trade, and 14 to miscellaneous.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—There are now published in the United States, one hundred and thirty-eight daily papers, two hundred and fifty-seven issued at all kinds of papers and periodicals in Russia, no copper company can only a seventh part of the American. Besides, all papers of the United States are one thousand one hundred and forty-one weekly, and one hundred and twenty-five semi weekly papers. This estimate gives nearly a thousand and a half of newspapers, to say nothing of other periodicals, and is probably under rather than over the truth.

LOSSES NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA.—An English newspaper has been established at Hong Kong, called the *Hong Kong Gazette*. It is conducted by a gentleman until recently residing in London. It is published semi-weekly, having a small sheet, and a quarto Almon, the latter by a majority of 238. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Wilkins.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The result is summed up as follows: and the official accounts will not vary much. The Democrats have elected two-thirds of the Senators, but one—that acquiring a majority in the State Senate of two-thirds; three-fourths of their Senators are Democrats, and their Governor, by a majority of perhaps twenty thousand.

THE NEW ORLEANS PRIMROSE SCENE.—The sentimental question which arose in the taking of the evolutionary Congress of Orleans, continued to the city, —Can an elector be compelled to tell for whom he voted?" was yesterday decided in the affirmative by the Court of Police Barbarism. We are modest that this question was ever before presented.

OHIO.—The official returns for Governor at the recent election give Wilson Shannon, Democrat, 154,784 votes, Thomas Corwin, Whig, 151,061. Lemuel King, abolitionist, 5,103. Shannon over Corwin, 3,723. A plurality elects. In 1830, Corwin's majority was 1,411. Shannon's 121,312. Corwin's majority then, 16,130.

ARKANSAS.—The full vote for member of Congress, in all the Counties, is as follows: Yell, 5,311; Evans, Independent, 1,661. Yell over Conway, 4,098. The Senate stands 9 Whigs to 17 Democrats. House 37 Democrats, 20 Whigs.

LOUISIANA.—The official returns from the late election in this State, just published, represents it in a very flattering condition, both as regards the number of people, and the efficiency of discipline. The present number of students is 150, viz: Seniors 30, Juniors 28, Sophomores 54, Freshmen 38.

DR. LARDNER authorizes the editor of the Richmond Whig to deny that he is the author of the article in the Foreign Quarterly, so richly abusive of the American Press.

☞ Professor Rev. C. M. P. Dennie, of the Methodist church, has been appointed Adjunct Professor of Humane and Logic in the University at Raleigh, N. C.

QUICK TRANSIT.—The Peoria (Illinois) Register states—We received on the 25th October, an extra from the office of the Boston Courier, dated the 10th, announcing the arrival of the Britannia at that port, with Liverpool dates to October 4th. Thus the journey was made from Liverpool to Boston in twelve days and seven hours on record. This is less than one-half longer than it recently took a steamboat to go from Pittsburg to St. Louis, and nearly a week less than it took a gentleman to travel here from New York by way of the Ohio river. The route of the Courier extra was by Albany, Buffalo and Chicago.

☞ Judge Bates, of New York, is giving notice to the applicants for bankrupts some trouble by his decisions. The Judge says it shows that—preference ends to creditors before January, 1840, to cover of the passage of the bankrupt law, not a bar to a final discharge.

Agricultural.

TEA WATER.—The Wisconsin Inquirer relates a remarkable instance of the fertility of the West. Samuel Goodrich, Esq., of Prairie du Lac, Rock county, has harvested sixty bushels of wheat, yielding an average of 20 bushels to the acre, from a field which was sown in wheat last year, and which had received no further cultivation since. The grain scattered in gathering the first crop, took root and produced the second crop without further labor.

☞ The Chamberburg, Pa. Whig, chronicles the receipt of a potato, from Capt. A. Wilson, of Franklin township, raised by him, which, we think may be placed among the vegetable curiosities of the season. It is a kind of Nonsuch family potato, consisting of two individuals, but all completely united, the smaller ones clustering around the parent. It (that is, the family) weighed, when taken from the soil and washed, in a fraction of four pounds.

☞ Mr. James Vaughan, of Tennessee, has succeeded in manufacturing excellent and clear molasses from cornstalks. It is represented as having the appearance of honey, and to have a very agreeable flavor. This will be a new source of profit to our farmers.

☞ The Providence Chronicle notices the receipt of delicious raspberries, the second crop this season, from the garden of Mr. Sweetzer, and record crop *ripened* have been offered, and of course taken, in the New York Market. Wonders appear to have abounded this season.

☞ The cultivation of rice is attracting attention in Louisiana. The very successful experiments made by W. Y. Lewis, Esq., of New Orleans, leave no room to doubt that the rice crop can be as advantageously prosecuted in various sections of that state.

☞ The Cincinnati Chronicle boasts of a mammoth pig, fattened by Mr. Lorenzo, of Pa. It now weighs three hundred American Pounds. It is got up as one of the wonders of the day. The Chronicle says its appearance attractive, as the contents are various and well selected. It is one of the best sample parcels of American Poetry in a small compass that we have ever met.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—T. W. White, *Richmond.*—The 5th number of this work for November is an interesting one, and more varied in contents than usual; embracing tales, poetry, travel, history, and criticism. The "Editorial Department" is kept up with "pretty considerable smartness" as they say down east.

SERIALS.—We have received from Colon the first number of a new publication, by Messrs. Morgan, of Cincinnati, called the Western Literary Journal. It is completed in four parts; and from Burgess the initial number of a new edition of Thirs to be completed in sixteen weekly numbers. Both of these works are sold in Cincinnati by Robinson & Jones.

THE KNICKERBOCKER *for November* is a good number, but not so attractive as we have seen it. Specimens of the best papers will be found in our columns to-day.

Literary Intelligence.

MR. COOPER'S NEW BOOK.—We have seen some sheets of Mr. Cooper's new work—"The Wing and Wing, or Le Feu Follet," soon to be published by Lea & Blanchard, for fifty cents. We find in the Boston Transcript, the editor of which paper appears to have seen more of the work than we have, the following notice of the plot:—"Le Feu Follet is the name of the vessel whose Captain is the hero of the story. Le Feu Follet is the name of a light, a kind of religious belief, whose holy and elevated conversation with her gifted lover forms a most interesting episode in the story. The scenes have laid mostly in the Mediterranean, and as a part of the plot, making, we doubt not, the wickedest of the wicked story. The hour of the novel is the date of the French Revolution—and the chief historical feature when its morals and its religious sentiments are considered, will be the violent reaction which was throwing off the reason of the Parisians. So far as we can judge from the specimen sheets above referred to, the work will be one of deep interest—much more so than the late novels of Cooper, and rendered additionally effective by the beautiful language and imagery made to bear upon its construction."

THE PERIODICAL PRESS.—Periodical publication has increased to a remarkable extent in Paris, within the last thirty years. From three or four in 1789, there are now according to Dr. Pariset 331 including 35 daily, 95 weekly, and 218 monthly. The annual sale exceeds 30,000,000 sheets. Of the daily papers 5 are issued twice a week, 6 three times a month, 1 six times a week, 2 every second day, 2 every fifth day, 2 every tenth day, and 15 every month, besides the numerals. The gross sum from 120 feuters is 53 francs per annum. 15 are devoted to religion (8 Protestant, 3 Jewish, and 4 Catholic) 29 to political subjects, 14 to natural sciences, 22 to fashion, 4 to naval subjects, 10 to the drama, 3 to philosophy, 4 to the arts, 19 to literature, 18 to agriculture and 28 to education, 31 to literature, 1 to freemasonry, 28 to advertisements, 14 to agriculture and horticulture, 4 to music, 3 to the fine arts, 2 to statistics, 4 to manufacturing, 23 to trade, and 14 to miscellaneous.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—There are now published in the United States, one hundred and thirty-eight daily papers, two hundred and fifty-seven issued at all kinds of papers and periodicals in Russia, no copper company can only a seventh part of the American. Besides, all papers of the United States are one thousand one hundred and forty-one weekly, and one hundred and twenty-five semi weekly papers. This estimate gives nearly a thousand and a half of newspapers, to say nothing of other periodicals, and is probably under rather than over the truth.

LOSSES NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA.—An English newspaper has been established at Hong Kong, called the *Hong Kong Gazette*. It is conducted by a gentleman until recently residing in London. It is published semi-weekly, having a small sheet, and a quarto Almon, the latter by a majority of 238. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Wilkins.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The result is summed up as follows: and the official accounts will not vary much. The Democrats have elected two-thirds of the Senators, but one—that acquiring a majority in the State Senate of two-thirds; three-fourths of their Senators are Democrats, and their Governor, by a majority of perhaps twenty thousand.

THE NEW ORLEANS PRIMROSE SCENE.—The sentimental question which arose in the taking of the evolutionary Congress of Orleans, continued to the city, —Can an elector be compelled to tell for whom he voted?" was yesterday decided in the affirmative by the Court of Police Barbarism. We are modest that this question was ever before presented.

OHIO.—The official returns for Governor at the recent election give Wilson Shannon, Democrat, 154,784 votes, Thomas Corwin, Whig, 151,061. Lemuel King, abolitionist, 5,103. Shannon over Corwin, 3,723. A plurality elects. In 1830, Corwin's majority was 1,411. Shannon's 121,312. Corwin's majority then, 16,130.

ARKANSAS.—The full vote for member of Congress, in all the Counties, is as follows: Yell, 5,311; Evans, Independent, 1,661. Yell over Conway, 4,098. The Senate stands 9 Whigs to 17 Democrats. House 37 Democrats, 20 Whigs.

LOUISIANA.—The official returns from the late election in this State, just published, represents it in a very flattering condition, both as regards the number of people, and the efficiency of discipline. The present number of students is 150, viz: Seniors 30, Juniors 28, Sophomores 54, Freshmen 38.

DR. LARDNER authorizes the editor of the Richmond Whig to deny that he is the author of the article in the Foreign Quarterly, so richly abusive of the American Press.

☞ Professor Rev. C. M. P. Dennie, of the Methodist church, has been appointed Adjunct Professor of Humane and Logic in the University at Raleigh, N. C.

QUICK TRANSIT.—The Peoria (Illinois) Register states—We received on the 25th October, an extra from the office of the Boston Courier, dated the 10th, announcing the arrival of the Britannia at that port, with Liverpool dates to October 4th. Thus the journey was made from Liverpool to Boston in twelve days and seven hours on record. This is less than one-half longer than it recently took a steamboat to go from Pittsburg to St. Louis, and nearly a week less than it took a gentleman to travel here from New York by way of the Ohio river. The route of the Courier extra was by Albany, Buffalo and Chicago.

☞ Judge Bates, of New York, is giving notice to the applicants for bankrupts some trouble by his decisions. The Judge says it shows that—preference ends to creditors before January, 1840, to cover of the passage of the bankrupt law, not a bar to a final discharge.

Army & Navy.

THE SURVEY.—The U. S. surveying schooners Gallatin and Nautilus, under command of Lieuts. Saxton Blake and Davis arrived at the Philadelphia Navy Yard on Thursday, having completed the survey of the Delaware River and Bay, from Port Mifflin to the Breakwater. We understand that the survey of the Bay, from the Port up, will be commenced in the spring.

FOR AFRICA.—Orders have been received at Norfolk to fit out the brig Truxton, which was launched from the Gosport Navy Yard last March. Her officers are lately returned from Florida have been turned over to the Navy and their crews discharged. We learn that the Truxton is to be fitted again for service, principally on the African coast.

☞ Commodore Jacob Jones, an old, experienced, and highly meritorious officer, has been appointed Commander of all the vessels afloat in the New York District, and has hoisted his broad pennant on board the North Carolina.

☞ The U. S. brig Boxer, from Pensacola, arrived at Norfolk on the 13th instant. Salutes were exchanged between that brig and the U. S. ship Pensacola, Captain Gettinger, flag ship of Com. E. P. Kennedy.

☞ The Steamship Missouri, from Savannah, at New York on the 20th inst. reports that on the 17th there are now according to Dr. Pariset 331 including 35 daily, 95 weekly, and 218 monthly. The annual sale exceeds 30,000,000 sheets. Of the daily papers 5 are issued twice a week, 6 three times a month, 1 six times a week, 2 every second day, 2 every fifth day, 2 every tenth day, and 15 every month, besides the numerals. The gross sum from 120 feuters is 53 francs per annum. 15 are devoted to religion (8 Protestant, 3 Jewish, and 4 Catholic) 29 to political subjects, 14 to natural sciences, 22 to fashion, 4 to naval subjects, 10 to the drama, 3 to philosophy, 4 to the arts, 19 to literature, 18 to agriculture and 28 to education, 31 to literature, 1 to freemasonry, 28 to advertisements, 14 to agriculture and horticulture, 4 to music, 3 to the fine arts, 2 to statistics, 4 to manufacturing, 23 to trade, and 14 to miscellaneous.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.—There are now published in the United States, one hundred and thirty-eight daily papers, two hundred and fifty-seven issued at all kinds of papers and periodicals in Russia, no copper company can only a seventh part of the American. Besides, all papers of the United States are one thousand one hundred and forty-one weekly, and one hundred and twenty-five semi weekly papers. This estimate gives nearly a thousand and a half of newspapers, to say nothing of other periodicals, and is probably under rather than over the truth.

LOSSES NEWSPAPERS IN CHINA.—An English newspaper has been established at Hong Kong, called the *Hong Kong Gazette*. It is conducted by a gentleman until recently residing in London. It is published semi-weekly, having a small sheet, and a quarto Almon, the latter by a majority of 238. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Wilkins.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The result is summed up as follows: and the official accounts will not vary much. The Democrats have elected two-thirds of the Senators, but one—that acquiring a majority in the State Senate of two-thirds; three-fourths of their Senators are Democrats, and their Governor, by a majority of perhaps twenty thousand.

THE NEW ORLEANS PRIMROSE SCENE.—The sentimental question which arose in the taking of the evolutionary Congress of Orleans, continued to the city, —Can an elector be compelled to tell for whom he voted?" was yesterday decided in the affirmative by the Court of Police Barbarism. We are modest that this question was ever before presented.

OHIO.—The official returns for Governor at the recent election give Wilson Shannon, Democrat, 154,784 votes, Thomas Corwin, Whig, 151,061. Lemuel King, abolitionist, 5,103. Shannon over Corwin, 3,723. A plurality elects. In 1830, Corwin's majority was 1,411. Shannon's 121,312. Corwin's majority then, 16,130.

ARKANSAS.—The full vote for member of Congress, in all the Counties, is as follows: Yell, 5,311; Evans, Independent, 1,661. Yell over Conway, 4,098. The Senate stands 9 Whigs to 17 Democrats. House 37 Democrats, 20 Whigs.

LOUISIANA.—The official returns from the late election in this State, just published, represents it in a very flattering condition, both as regards the number of people, and the efficiency of discipline. The present number of students is 150, viz: Seniors 30, Juniors 28, Sophomores 54, Freshmen 38.

DR. LARDNER authorizes the editor of the Richmond Whig to deny that he is the author of the article in the Foreign Quarterly, so richly abusive of the American Press.

☞ Professor Rev. C. M. P. Dennie, of the Methodist church, has been appointed Adjunct Professor of Humane and Logic in the University at Raleigh, N. C.

QUICK TRANSIT.—The Peoria (Illinois) Register states—We received on the 25th October, an extra from the office of the Boston Courier, dated the 10th, announcing the arrival of the Britannia at that port, with Liverpool dates to October 4th. Thus the journey was made from Liverpool to Boston in twelve days and seven hours on record. This is less than one-half longer than it recently took a steamboat to go from Pittsburg to St. Louis, and nearly a week less than it took a gentleman to travel here from New York by way of the Ohio river. The route of the Courier extra was by Albany, Buffalo and Chicago.

☞ Judge Bates, of New York, is giving notice to the applicants for bankrupts some trouble by his decisions. The Judge says it shows that—preference ends to creditors before January, 1840, to cover of the passage of the bankrupt law, not a bar to a final discharge.

Items of News.

MEMORIAL.—A letter from Gibraltar, published in the North American, contradicts the report that the difficulties between this country and Morocco have been adjusted. They are, if possible, in a worse position than ever. The Bashaw of Tangiers, who was appointed by the Emperor to treat with Com. Morgan, has refused to accede to his demands. The Emperor, moreover, has declared back again to the Emperor, who seems disposed to sustain the Bashaw. The United States cannot recede with dignity and self-respect, certainly at present. Mr. Sullivan has not been recognized by the Emperor, and is waiting permission to return home.

CONVENTION.—A grand rail road was held at Hoboken N. J., on Friday week, by Judge Gilbert Merritt, of Hudson County, New Jersey, acting Coroner, on the body of Mr. Frederick Lees, for some years clerk of the "Nick Moore House," at the foot of Weehawken hill, who came to his death by the accidental discharge of a gun held in the hands of one of his sons. The fact accordingly. This was the house at which Mary C. Rogers, the murdered cigar girl was last seen, and the circumstance will probably add to the already exciting disclosures of Mrs. Loss, relative to that event. Such trifling is criminal.

THE TIME TURNING.—An address of Mr. Stanley Lee, of Tarboro, North Carolina, to the Agricultural Society, of which he is President, mentions that a colony of farmers have emigrated from Dutchess County, N. Y. to Virginia, during the past year. Mr. Lee states also, that the emigration from Virginia to the western prairies, by which the State has greatly suffered, is now at an end, and that the natural capabilities and resources are becoming better appreciated and more rapidly developed than heretofore.

☞ The Rev. Dr. Malcom, of Nassau from Canton, arrived at New York the other day, after one hundred and twenty-seven days passage. The passengers were Mr. Gutzlaff, and the celebrated missionary, and four Chinese children. We doubt whether those children will ever return, or, if they do, whether they will fare as well at home for this journey. The *jealousy* of the Chinese makes returned travellers lead an uncomfortable life.

MILLERISM.—It is stated that not a convert to Millerism was made in Newark, N. J. by the "Great Tent." It is to be regretted that the same is not true of all places. Mr. Stephen Mitchell, a respectable citizen of Kennebunkport, Me. died on the 20th inst. deranged, not his throat. His insanity was caused by religious excitement, produced by the Miller delusion.

☞ The agent appointed by Governor Seward to receive New York's share of the proceeds of the Land Sales, has returned from Washington with the New York portion of the distribution, which amounts to eighty-four thousand nine hundred and seventy-four dollars.

☞ The estate of a person, belonging to Lempster, N. H., who went into bankruptcy, is sufficient to pay all debts, and there will be considerable left to be returned to the contractors bankrupt. Such cases are often registered.

☞ It is said that the Farmington Canal Company, in Connecticut, have this year made their first dividend. They mowed the low-path and divided the hay.

☞ A fatal quarrel for the division of Paradise in Holy Land. They were, at last accounts, staying in an old convent, about two miles from Jerusalem, for want of room.

☞ Governor Pennington has appointed the 6th of December next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to the State of New Jersey. The Governor of Indiana has appointed Thursday, the 24th instant, as a day of public thanksgiving in that State.

☞ The Wesleyan Church and Society in Charleston, S. C. have raised considerably, to call Rev. John Humphrey, (son of Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College,) to settle with them in the chapel recently erected.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Hotz, of Chelsea, Michigan, has received and accepted a call from the Vestry of Grace Church, Philadelphia, to assist the rector, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin.

☞ The Winthrop Church and Society in Charlestown, Mass. have voted unanimously to call Rev. John Humphrey, (son of Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College,) to settle with them in the chapel recently erected.

☞ The Rev. Mr. Hotz, of Chelsea, Michigan, has received and accepted a call from the Vestry of Grace Church, Philadelphia, to assist the rector, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin.

☞ The U. S. brig Boxer, from Pensacola, arrived at Norfolk on the 13th instant. Salutes were exchanged between that brig and the U. S. ship Pensacola, Captain Gettinger, flag ship of Com. E. P. Kennedy.

☞ The Steamship Missouri, from Savannah, at New York on the 20th inst. reports that on the 17th

☞ The U. S. Steam Frigate Mississippi is at Boston.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—Two hundred and forty-one towns in this State have been heard from. Morton (Dem.) has a plurality of 1509 votes over Davis (Whig), but there are about six thousand votes unheard from. Of the 40 Senators to the Legislature, 19 are Democrats elected 81 are Whigs, and 60 Democrats. In 1839—eight house were wanting to elect, and twenty-one Senators to be voted for. The State Senators the Whigs have 14, and the Democrats 13, and there are ten vacancies to fill.

In four of the Congressional districts, there is no choice. One still remains to be heard from. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Williams, and the latter by a majority of 238. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Wilkins.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The result is summed up as follows: and the official accounts will not vary much. The Democrats have elected two-thirds of the Senators, but one—that acquiring a majority in the State Senate of two-thirds; three-fourths of their Senators are Democrats, and their Governor, by a majority of perhaps twenty thousand.

THE NEW ORLEANS PRIMROSE SCENE.—The sentimental question which arose in the taking of the evolutionary Congress of Orleans, continued to the city, —Can an elector be compelled to tell for whom he voted?" was yesterday decided in the affirmative by the Court of Police Barbarism. We are modest that this question was ever before presented.

OHIO.—The official returns for Governor at the recent election give Wilson Shannon, Democrat, 154,784 votes, Thomas Corwin, Whig, 151,061. Lemuel King, abolitionist, 5,103. Shannon over Corwin, 3,723. A plurality elects. In 1830, Corwin's majority was 1,411. Shannon's 121,312. Corwin's majority then, 16,130.

ARKANSAS.—The full vote for member of Congress, in all the Counties, is as follows: Yell, 5,311; Evans, Independent, 1,661. Yell over Conway, 4,098. The Senate stands 9 Whigs to 17 Democrats. House 37 Democrats, 20 Whigs.

LOUISIANA.—The official returns from the late election in this State, just published, represents it in a very flattering condition, both as regards the number of people, and the efficiency of discipline. The present number of students is 150, viz: Seniors 30, Juniors 28, Sophomores 54, Freshmen 38.

DR. LARDNER authorizes the editor of the Richmond Whig to deny that he is the author of the article in the Foreign Quarterly, so richly abusive of the American Press.

☞ Professor Rev. C. M. P. Dennie, of the Methodist church, has been appointed Adjunct Professor of Humane and Logic in the University at Raleigh, N. C.

QUICK TRANSIT.—The Peoria (Illinois) Register states—We received on the 25th October, an extra from the office of the Boston Courier, dated the 10th, announcing the arrival of the Britannia at that port, with Liverpool dates to October 4th. Thus the journey was made from Liverpool to Boston in twelve days and seven hours on record. This is less than one-half longer than it recently took a steamboat to go from Pittsburg to St. Louis, and nearly a week less than it took a gentleman to travel here from New York by way of the Ohio river. The route of the Courier extra was by Albany, Buffalo and Chicago.

☞ Judge Bates, of New York, is giving notice to the applicants for bankrupts some trouble by his decisions. The Judge says it shows that—preference ends to creditors before January, 1840, to cover of the passage of the bankrupt law, not a bar to a final discharge.

Miscellaneous News.

THE FORTRESS.—The Hartford Courant relates the following expedient by which Mrs. Clark, formerly Miss Sarah Ann Hunter, of that city, fooled the Indians in the Florida war:

"Mrs. Clark was one of the Congressional districts, there is no choice. One still remains to be heard from. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Williams, and the latter by a majority of 238. The Democrats have elected Messrs. Parmenter and Wilkins.

NEW YORK ELECTION.—The result is summed up as follows: and the official accounts will not vary much. The Democrats have elected two-thirds of the Senators, but one—that acquiring a majority in the State Senate of two-thirds; three-fourths of their Senators are Democrats, and their Governor, by a majority of perhaps twenty thousand.

THE NEW ORLEANS PRIMROSE SCENE.—The sentimental question which arose in the taking of the evolutionary Congress of Orleans, continued to the city, —Can an elector be compelled to tell for whom he voted?" was yesterday decided in the affirmative by the Court of Police Barbarism. We are modest that this question was ever before presented.

OHIO.—The official returns for Governor at the recent election give Wilson Shannon, Democrat, 154,784 votes, Thomas Corwin, Whig, 151,061. Lemuel King, abolitionist, 5,103. Shannon over Corwin, 3,723. A plurality elects. In 1830, Corwin's majority was 1,411. Shannon's 121,312. Corwin's majority then, 16,130.

ARKANSAS.—The full vote for member of Congress, in all the Counties, is as follows: Yell, 5,311; Evans, Independent, 1,661. Yell over Conway, 4,098. The Senate stands 9 Whigs to 17 Democrats. House 37 Democrats, 20 Whigs.

LOUISIANA.—The official returns from the late election in this State, just published, represents it in a very flattering condition, both as regards the number of people, and the efficiency of discipline. The present number of students is 150, viz: Seniors 30, Juniors 28, Sophomores 54, Freshmen 38.

DR. LARDNER authorizes the editor of the Richmond Whig to deny that he is the author of the article in the Foreign Quarterly, so richly abusive of the American Press.

☞ Professor Rev. C. M. P. Dennie, of the Methodist church, has been appointed Adjunct Professor of Humane and Logic in the University at Raleigh, N. C.

QUICK TRANSIT.—The Peoria (Illinois) Register states—We received on the 25th October, an extra from the office of the Boston Courier, dated the 10th, announcing the arrival of the Britannia at that port, with Liverpool dates to October 4th. Thus the journey was made from Liverpool to Boston in twelve days and seven hours on record. This is less than one-half longer than it recently took a steamboat to go from Pittsburg to St. Louis, and nearly a week less than it took a gentleman to travel here from New York by way of the Ohio river. The route of the Courier extra was by Albany, Buffalo and Chicago.

☞ Judge Bates, of New York, is giving notice to the applicants for bankrupts some trouble by his decisions. The Judge says it shows that—preference ends to creditors before January, 1840, to cover of the passage of the bankrupt law, not a bar to a final discharge.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
125 shares Wilmington R. R.	39⅞
70 " Schuylkill Nav. Co.	8¾
40 " Co. & Mechanics Bank.	39
10 " Reading R. R.	39
74 do. Planters' Bank, Texas.	60
25 do. Farmers' Bank, Del.	60
60 do. Trenton R. R.	60
10 do. Mechanics' Bank.	60
10 do. Mechanics' Bank.	60
10 do. Mechanics' Bank

Gems from the Poets.

THE LIVING LOVER, TO THE DEAD.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

"Oh! all the roses dancing in her cheek,
Oh! all the amour set upon her tongue,
Oh! all that ever was creative of delight
In her whole person, look, a painted board
Commands them all."—Dekker.

And then upon thy bier of death
Are shrouded for the touch of death
Nor living pulse, nor human breath.
Sleep sisters, sleep, and take your rest,
Oh, fair and false, and queen of light!
Oh, false, and on thy bier
Yet, I until the morning light
Shall watch, and feed no fire.

I close thy eye cold hand in mine
Till mine or neither lose cold;
And trace those features, line by line,
Till very sense of breathing ceases!
Yet yonder, lover, is my gaze,
That when a person part,
I see that beauty's living blaze,
For ever I gaze my last.

Those lips are musical as music,
But oh! except music is there;
The feeling of their eye is silver,
But the calm closed lips, how fair!
Oh, I could have no answers more,
Nor sigh for days more bright,
If ever thou, that hallowed form!
Might sleep within my sight!

More joys to watch thee restless there,
For less than life or sense
Than gaze on strands of living fire,
Though life as once was!—Dust,
Loss and, to love the fastened flower,
All withered though it be;
Than yield it to the insensate's power,
Nor wreck, nor ruin—ever.

But vain the fancies of my breast,
And vainer here's despair,
The grave must be the place of rest,
Till I must lay there later,
Oh, Death! are all thy arrows spent
Among the billow and the reef?
Oh, Grave! to each lord lodging lent—
Remains to one for her?

Or, wrinkled lover! my soul's delight!
My being's outer limit!
Or, could I but you morning light!
Unsky—could blot rolling hell!
Turn wish—the light becomes more clear,
The dark seems louder swell.
One burning sigh—one burning tear,
One last, cold gaze—farewell.

Popular Lectures.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the drama begin."

LECTURE VII.

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN THE COUNTRY.

4. Travelling Proposition—Convention and its Letters—I. New Constitution—Civil war of the Vendée—Separation of Vendée—Revolts of the South—Death of Chalier—Siege of Lyons—Way to the North—Duke of York, and Hohenlinden—Magazine Wallington—Dunkirk, and invisible Air Balloon—The "National Razor"—Siege of Toulon—Punishment of Marseilles, Lyons, and Bordeaux—Its Address—I. Last Speech—Its Awful—Code of Horrible, the player, telling Alhaurn and read Tragedy of Lycurgus—Fanaticism—Its Victims—Massacre of Carrier and his Instruments of Nantes—Noyades and Birds of Prey—Taken, the Fearful Arena—Guillotine Committee—Tyler's Anything—His education of Children.

I must now ask my audience to leave Paris for a short period, and imagine that they are travelling with me through the Provinces and Departments of France, in order that we may become fully acquainted with the state of the country, and the oppression of the people under the tyranny of the "Mountain" or Jacobin Government. We must once more visit La Vendée, to watch the fearful progress of the civil war, and occasionally take a trip to the frontiers and coast, to observe how immense energies and courage of the French in resisting foreign invasion. But first let us look in at the Convention, before we leave the capital. A new Constitution was submitted to Parliament de bellis, of an ultra-democratic character, that it became absolutely imperative. Every Frenchman voted for members of the Convention, who were elected for one year, at the ratio of one representative to every 50,000 souls. Those passed all laws, but such laws could not go into operation, unless a majority of the Primary Assemblies of every Commune in France had not communicated against them. There was no check, as in our Senate and Parliament, but on the contrary, demagogues could, by haranguing the Primary Assemblies, (that is the people gathered for one by the Jacobins,) on exciting faction and outrage, easily overthrow any law; and it needs no ghost from the grave to tell us that most of the ephemeral Constitutions of France owed their own cruelty wills and passions. The Primary Assemblies appointed electors, who chose the Executive Council, the Judges—Executive, one half to be renewed every year. The duty of the executive was to appoint generals, ministers, agents, carry laws into effect, &c. The two passed and accepted by the 41,000 Communes of the Republic—celebrated in a Festival with great ejaculations—but the real machinery and power were in the hands of Robespierre, Danton and their satellites. The Convention declared by decree, that to obtain Fair was the supreme concern of mankind. Aristocrats and literary societies were suppressed, a great load of the public debt was quelled, a levy en masse was ordered to repel invasion, put down the war in La Vendée, and crush all enemies of the new order of things, meaning at that particular time, the resentment of the "Mountain." The Convention then agreed to accompany and advise with the generals, and it was enacted that "every condemned General shall be executed at the head of his army!" Such was the notorious was abolished, and the negroes declared French citizens. Deputies were to be based on wealth—need, and the mode of examination and nomination. Robespierre and his party hypocritically proposed and carried a decree, proclaiming "justice and integrity, as the order of the day." The Executive Council was suppressed a few months after it was ordained, and twelve Commissioners substituted for it, but subordinate to four members of same—the "Committee of Public Welfare." An infamous decree followed this institution and virtual destruction of the new Constitution of 1793, namely, that all persons who were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, who—and the defence counsel must not be allowed to plead, and be examined forthwith. Another decree ordered the resort close of Dunes. Every member of the Convention had to give an account of his conduct and conversations; and all persons then found without doing any thing and living at the expense of the Revolution, were to be transported to Cayenne. It was resolved that no quarter should be given to the Anglo and Hanoverian—and that was sent to a Proclamation from the Convention, "to his misled subjects of Great Britain," and forbidding his soldiers to follow—mercenaries no triumph. A "School of Mars," and a "school house" were formed in Paris of 3,000 pupils—clerical deductions for national patterns were done away with, paper money was issued by millions, and the people compelled to take it—the property of the Church and the nuns and friars in the country was put to inquisition by the Government. A decree was passed that the body of foreign princes, Pitt and Frederick Antwerp, was ordered to surrender within twenty-four hours after the first commune, shall be put to the sword." And now let us quit the Convention and Paris.

In La Vendée, Saumur was taken by the Vendeens, and Nantes menaced—but the want of artillery—Vendeens were repulsed. But they defeated the republican General Westerman at Chatillon. A decree of extermination had been issued against them. Within a few months many battles were fought and massacres perpetrated; while the burning towns and villages cleared the soil of Frenchmen to be called in the Convention—burning La Vendée." They cried Catholicism their ground, and gain several victories, but at length defeated at Cholet, Laval, Mans, and completely at Savenay by Kleber and Marceau, who immortal all that could be found in or near that part of the country. Six thousand perished on the field of battle. They offerings were hecatombs—pursued and massacred—men, women and children in every direction—thousands perished in passing the Loire—and after thousands taking refuge in Nantes—Tinte—but no shall leave hereafter." In the summer of the Marchioness of Lescure—Lescure the following passage occurs, which will afford some idea of the evil spirit with which the civil war was carried on. "When the republicans re-took Nantes, they found M. d' Elbee at death's door from wounds. His wife might have escaped, but would not leave him. The soldiers entering his chamber, said, 'Sir, this is *Il Rime!*' 'Yes!' replied he, 'Yes are your greatest enemy, and if I had strength for fight, you should not have taken Nantesontire, or you should have purchased it dearly.' They kept him five days and loaded him with insults. A stretch for rest—let me die." As he could not stand, they carried him in on one chair to the place where he was shot. His wife fainted at the sight, and a republican officer, shewing some pity and supporting her, told them she would die before if he did not soon see her. She was put to death the next day. The soldiers then filled a street with fugitives and slaughtered them, and massacred the whole of Castelnau, and most of the other leaders perished in battle or by military execution.

Through the range of man's dominions,
Throne is the ruling wealth—
And the pageant of the nations,
Is the temple of the sword;
Such rituals, and pay blessing.
From the scene deserting fate,
Rocket upon brother date.

A British fleet, commanded by Admiral Lord Hood, took possession of Toulon, to encourage the royalists and Girondists, the parties being now united. The fleet and forces defended the republican town for three months, (May—August, 1793;) but Toulon was soon invested by a republican army, and sustained a memorable siege. In the Council of War of the besieged, it was resolved that the fleet commanded the artillery in the absence of the superior officer of that army. It was Napoleon Bonaparte, then a young officer of artillery of lapwards. Cullot and Fouché witnessed those scenes of death with telescopes from a distance. The English must then retire or their shipping would be burned. The elder officers turned at first a deaf ear to the above advice. They however, preserved the place. At length, this young officer, wandering about and surveying the place, was struck with an idea, that if a fort called "Eguillette" on "Little Gibraltar," could be carried—a point that had struck no one else as being of such great importance—the guns could be turned on the French fleet and arsenal